THE

# *LADY'S*

# MONTHLY MUSEUM.

## NOVEMBER, 1809.

### *LADY MULGRAVE.*

HENRY PHIPPS, Baron Mulgrave, succeeded his brother Constantine John, Oct. 10, 1792; married, Oct. 20, 1795, Sophia Maling, daughter of William Maling, Esq. of West Hemmington, in Durham; and has issue Henry Constantine, Henrietta Sophia, Augusta Maria, and Charles Beaumont. Her ladyship is highly respected for her domestic virtues, and equally admired for her beauty and elegant accomplishments.

### *THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.*

(Continued from page 169.)

IT is with regret we are obliged to state, that, notwithstanding the amiable qualities of the duchess, a transient interruption was given to their domestic harmony by the unaccountable infatuation of his Royal Highness in favour of Lady Grosvenor, who was in consequence separated from her husband; and although sufficient proofs

were wanting to substantiate the earl's claim to a divorce, little doubt remained on the public mind respecting the transaction, and his Royal Highness, in consequence, lost much of his popularity. The duchess, though wounded in the tenderest point, conducted herself with such undeviating propriety and amiable forbearance, as to command universal respect and esteem. After the demise of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, she made a tour abroad, and travelled through most parts of Italy and Germany. She was received in all the foreign courts in a manner suited to her rank, and remained upon the continent several years. Upon her return to England, in the year 1799, her Royal Highness occupied part of Kensington Palace, where she lived in a manner extremely private and secluded. She did not, however, remain long in this situation; and, upon the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, made another tour to Germany, where she died.

Her Royal Highness was of a most generous disposition, affable, lively, and highly accomplished. In her youth she was extremely handsome, and of a majestic figure, wholly devoid of pride or affectation, and a liberal patroness of the fine arts.

## *A SINGULAR MANNER OF PUNISHING THEFT.*

AMONG the Cossacks that live in the Island of the Boristenes, if any one should offer to steal the least thing from his comrade, he is tied to a post in the openest part of the city, a bottle of brandy, a loaf of bread, and a number of stout sticks are set by his side; when every one that passes has a right to give them as many blows as he pleases, after which he may give the wretch the refreshment of a drop of brandy and a morsel of bread. The sufferer, at the discretion of the judges, remains thus tied a whole night and day, and often five times twenty-four hours; after which, if he has the good luck to survive the blows, he is received anew in the society.

## *CROSS PURPOSES.*

A DRAMA.

(Continued from page 203.)

### ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A Room in the Farm.*

*Miss Mowbray and Mrs. Somers.*

*Mrs. S.*—My dear young lady, I fear you are acting without due consideration in this affair.

*Miss M.*—Fear not for me, Mrs. Mowbray; if Fanny acts her part well, all will be right: you know I am a little romantic in my ideas, but I hope in this case my scheme will not be attended with any evil consequences. I wonder whether Lord George has arrived at the hall yet.

*Mrs. S.*—I tremble for my poor girl; but as you have revealed every thing to your good father, I trust he will see that she has justice done her.

*Miss M.*—You need not entertain any apprehensions on that head. But I see two gentlemen coming this way; by their air and appearance, they are no common visitors.

*Mrs. S. (Looking through the window.)*—Heaven protect me! it is Lord George. What can he want here?

*Miss M.*—Compose yourself, I entreat you, or you will betray all. How I tremble!

*Enter Lord George and Mr. Mowbray.*

*Lord G. (Eagerly approaching Mrs. Somers, and taking her hand.)*—My dear venerable friend, will you excuse this abrupt mode of paying my respects to you?—Nay, nay, turn not aside with such indignation, I have been a sad truant I confess, but am now come with the best intentions to offer all the reparation in my power.

*Mrs. S. (Resentfully.)*—Your excellent intentions have been too long delayed, my lord. The object of your perfidy is no more.

*Lord G.*—My Fanny no more! Heavens, madam, am I then such a wretch?

*Mrs. S.*—Fie, my lord, this hypocrisy will not pass with me. The errand which brings you to this place must render the intelligence I now give you a matter of satisfaction, not regret.

*Lord G.*—So help me, heaven, you wrong me; my errand hither was solely to do justice to that amiable injured angel. My brother here can answer for the truth of my assertion.

*Mr. M.*—I can assure you, madam, that my brother has long determined on this measure; and I can declare, on the honour of a man, that his regret and penitence is sincere.

*Miss M.*—Excuse me, sir, if I observe, that you are acting with rather more duplicity than seems consistent with the honour of a gentleman; since we are well informed of your brother's engagement to Miss Mowbray, of the Hall.

*Mr. M.*—Though I have not the honour of knowing you, madam, I am sorry to find you so ready to calumniate me. It would be useless for me now to attempt a vindication, either of myself or brother; a time may come, when, if you have the good sense and candour which your countenance seems to indicate, you will feel regret for the injustice you have done me.

*Miss M. (Aside.)*—Here must be some mystery; his looks and words alike announce sincerity.

*Lord G.*—Well, madam, a short time will, I trust, clear my character to your satisfaction; and although I have had the misfortune to lose both the object of my sincere affection and your good opinion, I hope I shall yet find a method of convincing you that I am not the ingrate you take me for. Particular business requires my presence at the hall, and when I have had an interview with Mr. Mowbray I shall return to you. In the mean time, believe my word, that I never entertained an idea of marrying Miss Mowbray.

*Miss M. (Aside.)*—If this is true, I am fortunate indeed. *(To Lord George.)*—But, my lord, as we are all fully persuaded that such an arrangement was projected, I hope you will do the lady the justice to see her before you reject her hand; consider the insult it would be to the family.

*Mr. M.*—You seem interested in their concerns, madam; may I beg to know if you are acquainted with this young lady, of whom report speaks so highly?

*Miss M.*—Report, sir, is not always to be credited; nor must you place implicit faith in my account, as I have been in long habits of intimacy with Miss Mowbray, and esteem her so tenderly, that I may even behold her errors with a partial eye.

*Mr. M.*—Is it possible that you are so indulgent toward your own sex, and yet so severe upon ours?

*Miss M.*—And if I am, is it astonishing?

*Mr. M.*—It is at least unusual; but excuse my inquisitiveness, the lady is my cousin.

*Miss M.*—And the destined bride of your brother?

*Mr. M.*—If she resembled you, I should be inclined to dispute the point.

*Miss M. (Seriously.)*—This is no time for gallantry, sir. And permit me to inform you, that Miss Mowbray holds libertinism and duplicity in as great abhorrence as I do.

*Mr. M.*—I respect her the more for it, madam; but must take another opportunity of convincing you, as I find you are prejudiced against me.

*Lord G.*—Come, we must repair to the hall; the sooner this painful business is concluded, the better; the melancholy intelligence I have just heard unfits me for conversation. Farewell, ladies; when we meet again I hope to retrieve your good opinion, at least to convince you, that though my conduct has been culpable, I am not altogether the wretch you think me.

*Mrs. S.*—Spare me, my lord; the subject is most distressing to my feelings.

[*Exeunt Lord George and Mr. Mowbray.*

*Mrs. S.*—Well, my dear Miss Mowbray, what is your opinion now?

*Miss M.*—I am quite at a loss. There is an air of ingenuousness in the brother, that inclines me to think favourably of him: but I still think Lord George a villain.

*Mrs. S.*—A short time will clear up all our doubts; I wish Fanny had been here.

*Miss M.*—And so do I. But we will now stroll to the lodge, where I appointed Tattle to meet me, and let me know all the proceedings at the hall. [*Exeunt.*

*(To be continued.)*

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## *POLITENESS.*

(From the Works of the late amiable Catherine Talbot.)

POLITENESS is the just medium between form and rudeness. It is the consequence of a benevolent nature, which shows itself, to general acquaintance, in an obliging unconstrained civility, as it does to more particular ones in distinguished acts of kindness. This good-nature must be directed by a justness of sense, and a quickness of discernment, that knows how to use every opportunity of exercising it, and to proportion the instances of it to every character and situation. It is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence upon every irregularity of the temper, which, in obedience to them, is forced to accommodate itself even to the fantastic laws which custom and fashion have established; if by that means it can procure, in any degree, the satisfaction or good opinion of any part of mankind. Thus paying an obliging deference to their judgment, so far as it is not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

In society it is the medium that blends all different tempers into the most pleasing harmony, while it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation; it represses the ambition of shining alone, and increases the desire of be-

ing mutually agreeable. It takes off the edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit. It preserves a proper subordination amongst all ranks of people, and can reconcile a perfect ease with the most exact propriety.

To superiors it appears in a respectful freedom: no greatness can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can sink it into a regardless familiarity.

To inferiors it shows itself in an unassuming goodnature. Its aim is to raise them to you, not to let you down to them. It at once maintains the dignity of your station, and expresses the goodness of your heart.

To equals it is every thing that is charming. It studies their inclinations, prevents their desires, attends to every little exactness of behaviour, and all the time appears perfectly disengaged and careless.

## *ILLIBERALITY JUSTLY REWARDED.*

A VERY considerable living falling in the gift of the late Lord Chancellor Talbot, who was a man of noble and generous spirit, Sir Robert Walpole took the freedom to recommend to his lordship's notice a friend of his, whom he wished to oblige. His lordship having no objection to the gentleman's character, very frankly told Sir Robert that his friend should be obliged. While the matter thus rested as determined, though the necessary forms of induction were yet unpassed, the curate, who had served the former incumbent for many years, and had an unexceptionable character, applied to his lordship, with letters of recommendation from the best people in the parish, setting forth the hardships he laboured under, by reason of his numerous family, and the inconveniences he must suffer, should he be constrained to move; and therefore earnestly intreating his lordship's interest with the next incumbent, to continue him in his curacy. The chancellor received the curate with his wonted goodness, and entering into conversation with him, found

him to be an excellent scholar, and of lively parts; and on asking him what his curacy might be worth, was told, about forty pounds a-year. "Well, sir," said he, "I'll not only grant your suit, but endeavour to raise your income." And accordingly, when the clergyman to whom the living was promised, came to press forward his presentment, his lordship took occasion to speak to him in favour of the old curate, and withal to intimate that the salary, considering the man's family and abilities, (which he assured him were none of the meanest) was too small for him to live upon, and therefore wished him to make it up sixty pounds a-year, which, with the bounty of his parishioners, would afford him a comfortable subsistence. The clergyman paused a little at such an unexpected request; but soon recollecting himself, said, "I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot oblige your lordship in the choice of the gentleman you recommend, having already engaged a near relation, whom I cannot dismiss with honour."—"What!" said his lordship, "have you engaged a curate before you are possessed of the living?" He said, "he had."—"Then, sir," replied the chancellor, with some warmth, "I shall furnish you with the best excuse in the world to dismiss him, for I shall dispose of the living to another;" and, without staying to hear him reply, left him. In a few days the old curate took the liberty to wait upon his lordship, to learn the success of his interposition with the designed incumbent. My lord told him frankly, he had used the most pressing arguments in his favour he was master of, but was unable to succeed. Here the tears began to flow involuntarily from the old man's eyes, who was going to retire to vent his grief, when the chancellor calling him back, said, "Sir, I perceive your distress, and I really pity you; the *curacy* I cannot give you, but the *living* I can; and you may write to your family and friends by the next post, that though you only applied for the curacy, your modesty and merit have gained you the rectorship." He blest the chancellor, and unable to utter a word more, left him.

## *HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;*

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from page 132.)

OF the instability of human affairs, and the uncertainty of sublunary happiness, I had, from the days of childhood, received many proofs; but, from poor Maxwell's melancholy recital, I had received a lesson never likely to be effaced from my heart.

"But where, my dear friend," said I, "has that insidious major sought shelter; if you can give me but the slightest clue to the spot, I will endeavour to become the avenger of your misfortunes; for a wretch so abandoned ought not to exist upon the earth."

"No, my friend, no," replied the afflicted father; "I thirst not after the ingrate's blood; vengeance alone belongeth to the Almighty; as I should have endeavoured to impress upon the mind of my too susceptible boy, had I indulged the most distant idea of his intention—but that, alas! he too cautiously concealed."

I remained about a week the guest of my unfortunate relation at Kirkcudbright, when he invited me to accompany him to his sister's, where Mrs. Maxwell and himself intended passing a few days. Though the father of the amiable Matilda Maxwell had represented her as one of the most lovely of her sex, yet, in spite of the disadvantage praise generally is to personal attractions, I could not avoid allowing her to be the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld. A cast of the deepest melancholy overspread her apparently natural lively features, and her spirits appeared at the lowest ebb; she received my overtures of friendship, however, with a grace inimitable, and, I may add, peculiar to herself. During the short stay we made with Mrs. Simpson, (which was the name of Matilda's

aunt,) I contrived to obtain so much of her confidence as to enquire whether she was really attached to Rogers.

"I admire his character, and esteem his virtues," replied Matilda;" but I will candidly confess I felt a stronger preference to the major; yet severely have I been punished for the wayward propensity of my heart."

"And would you marry this too fascinating major?" I eagerly demanded, "if your father could be induced to consent to the alliance."

"Marry the murderer of my brother! and the man who has tarnished my reputation!" exclaimed the offended girl. "No; his very name is become hateful to me; and in future I shall suspect every insinuating man. If left to my own choice, I should now prefer a state of celibacy, and I trust that will be my lot; for Mr. Rogers, in disposition resembles Cæsar; and, I am persuaded, would not have his wife even suspected of a fault. He will reject my offered hand, I doubt not; but that mortification I can easily support; for when a sorrow, like that which I now suffer, preys upon the feelings, all events of an inferior nature lose their force. Must I not ever consider myself," continued she, bursting into a flood of anguish, "as the indirect cause of the death of a beloved brother; and can I ever expect that my dear parents, viewing me as his destroyer, will love me with their former regard; ah, no! I can even perceive my presence is disgusting to them; no longer do they address me by the soothing appellation of their beloved Matilda."

I said every thing in my power to assuage the sorrow under which the lovely Matilda laboured, and, upon taking leave, intreated her to write to me as soon as the letter arrived from Rogers; then taking a melancholy leave of the distressed Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, I pursued my journey towards Carlisle. As it was near one o'clock when I quitted Kirkcudbright, I found it would be impossible to reach Carlisle that night; I therefore resolved to call upon a friend who resided about two and thirty miles from that

city, and, if invited, sleep at his mansion, otherwise take up my quarters at the best inn in the town. Mr. Mellish, however, happened to be from home, and was not expected to return until the expiration of five weeks; I therefore merely left a card of compliments, and directed my way to the George.

Upon entering the inn-yard, I perceived several gentlemen's carriages; and, upon inquiry whether they were assembled upon any extraordinary occasion, or if it was a general mode of traffic upon the road. The landlord informed me a county meeting, every quarter, regularly took place at his house: adding, that in consequence, his larder was stored with the choicest dainties, and that he did not doubt but he could gratify the appetite of the greatest epicure.

Having informed my communicative companion that I preferred a good cook to the most refined dainty, I desired him to let me have a broiled chicken for my supper, at the same time requesting to be shewn into a room, unconnected with those occupied by the gentlemen who composed the county meeting; alledging, as a reason, my having letters to write.

"I'll put your honour into a room," replied Boniface, "where you wont even hear a pin drop to disturb you; for I believe I may say, what very few men in my business can, that I have apartments that will suit the turn of every customer: whether they're merry, or whether they're sad, young or aged, I care not a feather; whether in coaches, or whether they pad, I need not confine them together!" sang he, taking a candle from the waiter, and conducting me through a long gallery, to the farthest end of the house.

"Wax lights, and pens, ink, and paper, into the recess," vociferated he, preceding me to my solitary apartment, which he certainly had not improperly named; the lights immediately followed, and I declared myself perfectly satisfied with my retreat. Having been informed that, with the greatest expedition, my supper could not be ready in

less than three quarters of an hour, I sat down to my intended employment, but my attention was suddenly attracted by a deep sigh, or rather a stifled groan. I started from the table, surveyed the apartment, for it seemed so near, that I actually fancied it in the room; all, however, was total silence, and I began to fancy it must have been merely imagination. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, when the sigh was repeated; and again it roused me from my seat: I arose, and rang the bell, but at that moment two waiters, with the tray and supper, appeared.

"Have you any sick person in this house?" I eagerly demanded; for I have been disturbed by a most melancholy groan."—"No, sir, no;" replied one of the waiters, in a stammering tone. "That is a falsehood," I exclaimed, with a degree of vehemence in my voice; "for your very mode of replying to the inquiry, convinces me you have spoken an untruth."—"Why, sir," rejoined the fellow, "some gentlefolks have such a dislike to be in a house of this kind, when death happens, that my master wished to keep it a secret; but it is only a poor needy young woman, who came to the George about a week back; she was mortal bad when she first comed here, but she has been growing worse and worse ever since, and is now, I fancys, almost at the last gasp; at least so Peggy, the house-maid, tells me; for I have not seen her since I helped her up stairs."

"And who," I eagerly demanded, "is with the poor dying sufferer."—"God and a good conscience, I hope, your honour," replied the waiter, with a sigh; "for no longer pipe no longer dance, you know in this world; and that my master allows her a bed to lay upon, is, as I may say, out of charity; though Peggy says, as how the poor thing had a few trinkets tied up in a little bundle, which she gave master, cause as how, she had not a penny left."

At that moment we heard the voice of the charitable landlord upon the stairs, "God bless your honour, dont say a word about what I have told you, to my master,"

said the poor fellow, in an imploring accent, as he placed the chicken upon the table. "Have you supped, landlord?" I enquired, pointing to the table; "if not, with the addition of a plate of ham, this will serve us both; and, as I dislike a solitary meal, I shall be glad of your company, particularly as I do not find myself in a writing mood." In fact, the imperfect sketch I had just received of the forlorn stranger's situation, had absorbed every other idea; and I thought, if I could induce the landlord to accept the invitation, the plaintive sound might be repeated, and afford me an opportunity of questioning him respecting it. He assured me, that so far from having supped, he had not even tasted dinner that day, "but, thank God," he added, "I am now at liberty to enjoy a meal; for the county meeting has broken up, and as you are so polite, sir, I will do myself the pleasure of being your guest."

Finding port was my guest's favourite wine, I ordered a bottle of the best that could be set before us, with two of ale; the only liquor which I generally drank at night; then desiring our attendants to put the things on a dumb waiter, I told them we could dispense with their presence. Though I had really felt hunger when I entered the George, the eagerness with which I listened for the groan of anguish, totally took away my appetite; my friend Boniface, however, seemed so completely to relish the chicken, that he never thought of paying the least attention to my plate. The cloth was, however, removed, and near ten minutes elapsed afterwards, before the token I was desirous of hearing was repeated; when a louder groan than any which had escaped the lips of the forlorn sufferer, acted as an electrial shock upon my guest; for, starting from his seat, and looking round the apartment, he exclaimed, "Good God! what is that?"—"What is that, indeed!" I repeated, with pretended astonishment. When, recollecting himself, he said, "I beg you ten thousand pardons, sir, for having wholly forgotten that the poor girl was gone to bed; it is

only a poor girl," continued he, "who is subject to terrible fits; she has had one this evening, and I have heard the house-maid say, she is apt to groan after them; but your bed-room, sir, is far distant from this apartment, and therefore you will not be disturbed by her: yet, as the company are all gone, suppose we go into the Lion, and there finish our bottle."

"By no means," said I: "for that groan has interested my feelings; and I entreat you to tell me all you know of the poor young woman. Is she a traveller? is she a relation? is she your servant?"—"Lord, sir, what I can tell you is not worth listening to; in short, I know very little about her myself. But this I know, that many in my situation would not have let such a poor pennyless mortal remain one hour under their roof; but, somehow, she begged so hard, and seemed actually expiring, that I had not a heart to turn her into the street."

"Expiring!" I repeated, in a tone of astonishment; "why you informed me she was subject to fits."—"And so she is," rejoined Boniface, evidently provoked with himself for allowing truth to escape his lips; "but them there fits will certainly be the death of her, and then she must be buried at the expence of the parish; and so, your honour, here is a speedy journey, and that soon, to her, as a certain alderman once gave as a toast:" so saying, he filled himself a bumper, and tossed it down his throat.

"Well, my friend," said I, "though you seem to take merit to yourself for not suffering the unfortunate object we are speaking of to perish in the streets; yet, I am sorry to say, you do not appear to sympathize much in her situation, at least, I think myself authorised in forming that opinion, after the toast you have just drank. However, my good fellow, as Providence has blessed me with the means of relieving the unfortunate, and succouring the friendless in distress, I wish to see the ill-fated young woman, for the purpose of discovering whether her complaint is beyond the reach of medical skill; I intreat you

will, therefore, send some female into her apartment, to inform her a gentleman of the faculty wishes to offer her his advice."

"Your honour is very good to be sure," replied Boniface; "but some how or other I do not take you to be a doctor; and if the poor thing was to see you, perhaps she might think as how you was only making game of her."

"That idea will soon vanish when I make her acquainted with the motive by which I am actuated; therefore, pray order your servant to deliver my message, or I shall unceremoniously do it myself." As I made this declaration in a decided tone, my landlord, doubtless perceived I was not to be trifled with; he hurried down stairs, muttering to himself, "If I could have foreseen the end of this business, I would have put the vagabond into a better room."

Peggy, or some other servant, however, in a few moments came running up stairs, but scarce had she opened the door of the adjoining chamber, (if such it might be denominated) than she shrieked out, "Lord have mercy upon me, surely the poor creature is dead!" I rushed into the room, which, in fact, was nothing better than a dark closet, and beheld the unfortunate female stretched on a truckle bed; her eyes were closed, her mouth half open, and her countenance appeared the very image of death. On a three-legged stool stood a cracked mug, with a little water in it, which I hastily snatched up, and began sprinkling the face and rubbing the hands of the unfortunate, which were overspread with a cold damp.

"Great God!" said I, "were you all such a parcel of unfeeling wretches, as to permit this ill-fated being to expire, without a friend to close her eyes?"—"Lord, sir," replied the girl, "how can a poor servant go for to do any thing against her master's and mistress's orders? Besides, we have been so mortal busy all day, that I dont suppose any body thought about the poor creature."

"You ought to have recollected, that you have a master to serve, who will call you to a strict account for every

uncharitable deed. But fly down stairs, bring me up a cordial, and send one of the waiters for a doctor, this instant:" for I observed the hapless creature began to revive. The girl returned in a few moments; I eagerly snatched the glass from her hand, and with a tea-spoon forced a few drops between the sufferer's lips. A violent hickup alarmed my feelings, as I began to fear I had strangled the poor creature; but, recovering herself in a few moments, she opened her languid eyes, and gazed upon me with a look which at once expressed despair, gratitude, and astonishment.

"Endeavour to swallow a few more drops of this reviving cordial, my dear woman," said I, at the same time placing my hand under her enfeebled head, and offering the precious balsam to her parched lips. She pressed my hand between her cold clammy ones, and endeavoured to speak, but the words expired upon her tongue; and finding the power of articulation denied her, she burst into a flood of tears. This proof of restored sense gave me secret satisfaction; in less than ten minutes the apothecary arrived. "Sir," said I, "you behold an unfortunate young woman, with whose disease I am wholly unacquainted, but I have reason to think it proceeds from extreme poverty; in short, I know that since the morning she has had no other nourishment than what a spring produces. Chance, or perhaps Divine Providence, conducted me into an adjoining room, her groans awakened my humanity, and I found her, I may say, apparently expiring from want. I intreat you to exert your skill to restore her, and readily shall I reward your trouble. My name is ——————, I am a near relation of Mr. Maxwell, of Kirkcudbright, whose extensive connections render him universally known."

"You are my brother, sir, by the ties of nature," replied the humane disciple of Æsculapius, "and this unfortunate young woman my sister, by the same bond; do not, therefore, suppose I require any other inducement to perform a benevolent action; to the name of your family

however, I am no stranger; and with your respected relation I am perfectly acquainted." Then feeling the pulse of the poor invalid, he added, "I believe you judged rightly, as to the cause of this, young creature's disease; but we must act with great precaution, both as to the quantity and quality of her food; at present I should advise only a little mulled wine and water, with a little Naples biscuit soaked in it." Then glancing his eye round the room, or rather closet, he exclaimed, "But what a miserable hole is this! the very air she breathes is contaminated, for I actually do not behold an aperture for pure air."

"Oh, but there is a window, doctor," said Peggy, pointing to one pane of glass, so high as not to be discernable, unless it had been remarked to us; and which was fixed into the wall without hinges, and therefore could never have been opened. "A window, indeed!" repeated the doctor; "I tell you, girl, it is a peep-hole, for the poor creature merely to discover the extent of her forlorn situation: your master and mistress ought to blush at putting a poor dying fellow-creature into such an infernal den! Why it is as bad as the black hole at Calcutta; go and tell your mistress she must order a better apartment."

The girl returned in a few minutes, lighting the now obsequious landlady, who dropping Mr. Maurice, (which was the apothecary's name,) two separate curtseys, squeezed herself between us, and approached the invalid, saying "Well, my dear, how do you find yourself? I have been so busy I had not time to come up stairs; but I hope, my dear, you liked the bit of chicken I sent you; I am sure it was fit for a duchess."

"I have seen no one, nor tasted a bit of chicken; indeed I have had nothing all day, but a drop of cold water," replied the unfortunate sufferer, in a feeble voice. "Aye! her poor dear head is still wandering, doctor," said the artful hypocrite; "Why, Peggy, you brought the chicken

yourself."—"No, ma'am; I heard nothing at all about it," replied the ingenuous girl.

"You heard nothing at all about it, you saucy minx!" exclaimed the enraged landlady, darting a look of fury at the girl; well then, it was Susan, or Sally, or Betty, or some of ye; for I knows I cut off a liver wing."—"Yes, and put it on your own plate then," muttered the girl, in a tone loud enough for me to hear. The prudent landlady thought it best to drop the subject of the chicken, and, turning to Mr. Maurice, said, "Do you think, doctor, the poor thing is able to be moved? I am certain and sure, if I thought she could have borne it, she should not have laid in this little bit of a room; though, for the matter of that, it is very comfortable, only rather too small."

"Comfortable!" repeated the doctor, "so you may call a pig-stye; though you would not easily persuade others to be of that opinion; for my part, I only wonder she has not been moved off by the fleas and bugs: but come, good woman, show that gentleman the apartment you intend putting this unfortunate creature in."

*(To be continued.)*

## *MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.*

AT a time of considerable interest in the political world, receiving, on the Tuesday morning, instead of your Bell's Messenger, the County Chronicle of the preceding week, in which you in vain look for any thing but advertisements.

N. B.—Seven miles from a post town, roads bad, and no hopes of obtaining a paper, (and that only a provincial one) till Saturday, by the butcher.

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Business obliging you to be at a place twenty miles distant from home at ten o'clock in the morning, the bad-

ness of the weather prevents your starting till late, when the day brightens, and, before you have proceeded two miles, perceiving a heavy shower coming on, and having no great coat to avoid it, you get under a cart shed, where you sit, like one of the centinels at the Horse Guards, to the amazement and fun of the passers by; however, after all your caution, getting completely wet, and arriving two hours later than your appointed time.

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Making a *lapsus linguæ* in company, when you heartily wish that—

——— Opening earth your shame would hide,
And ocean veil thee in its whelming tide.

As for instance, saying to a cross-eyed lady, "which way, ma'am, do you think your eyes would turn upon such an occasion?"

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Having given, in a large company, a ludicrous anecdote of, or imitated the particularities of a person, asking a gentleman, who sits near you, whether he is acquainted with the object of your fun; who coolly answers, "perfectly well, sir; he is my uncle."

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Hearing an uninteresting story told in a quaint prolix style, by an old gentleman, three times in one afternoon.

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At a college examination, seeing the man before you unable to pass it, in a subject with which you are not half so well acquainted as he is.

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Cutting off the leg of a fowl so skilfully, as to send it into the lap of the lady who sits next to you.

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Having, as you imagined, made yourself *very spruce*, on entering the drawing-room, finding every one stifling a laugh, which you are at a loss to account for, till, looking

at your own stockings, one of them appears to be black silk and the other white cotton.

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Having finished your story, hearing a person gravely enquire whether that is all.

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Expecting fish from town, for a grand dinner, and not receiving it till the next day, when you are obliged to throw it on the dunghill; not, however, before it has left a delightful perfume in your house.

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At table, being placed between a deaf old gentleman on one side, who continually bores you to know the subject of conversation; and, on the other, by a virgin of fifty, who tires you with prudery and scandal; and viewing, with the eye of Tantalus, a lovely girl who sits opposite to you, five minutes of whose conversation you would prefer to "an age of common place existence."

*October*, 1809. OCULEUS.

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## *DEAN SWIFT's CURE FOR FORGETFULNESS.*

A SHOEMAKER of Dublin had a longing desire to work for Dean Swift; he was recommended by Mr. James Swift, the banker, and Mr. Sican, a merchant. The dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, "When shall I have them?" "On Saturday next," said the shoemaker. "I hate disappointments," rejoined the prelate, "nor would have you disappoint others: set your own time, but keep to it." "I thank your reverence," said Bamerick, for that was his name, "I desire no longer time than Saturday se'nnight, when you will be sure to have them without fail."

They parted, and the boots were finished to the time; but, through the hurry of business, Mr. Bamerick forgot to carry them home until Monday evening. When the dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he

said, "Mr. Bamerick, you have answered the commendation of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at sir Arthur Axheson's, in the county of Armagh, on this day." "Indeed! indeed, sir! said Bamerick, the boots were finished to the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The dean then gave him one of his stern looks; and after a pause, asked him whether he understood gardening as well as boot-making? Bamerick answered, "No, sir: but I have seen some very fine gardens in England." "Come," said the dean, in a good-humoured tone, "I will shew you improvements I have made in the deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the further end, when the dean started, as if recollecting something; "I must step in," said he; "stay here till I come back:" then he ran out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and not seeing the dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked; he knocked, and called several times to no purpose, and at length perceived himself confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined.

The deanery servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the dean remained in his study until two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall, and drew the charge out of a blunderbuss, and other fire arms; then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his servants. "Robert," said he, "I have been much disturbed with noise on the garden side, I fear some robbers have broken in; give me a lanthorn, and call up Saunders. The dean then took the lanthorn, and staid by the arms until the men returned. "Arm yourselves," said he, "and follow me." He led them into the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach, the dean roared out, "there's the robber, shoot him, shoot him." Saunders presented, and

Bamerick, terrified to death, fell on his knees and begged his life. The dean held the lanthorn to the man's face, and then gravely exclaimed, "Mercy on us! Mr. Bamerick, how came you here?" "Lord! sir," said Bamerick, "don't you remember leaving me here in the evening!" "Ah, true! friend," said the dean, "but I forgot it, as you did the boots:" and turning round to Robert, who was butler, he added, "give the man some warm wine, and see him safe home."

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*To the Editor of the Ladies' Museum.*

SIR,

AT a period when the personal and political virtues of our most gracious Sovereign are become so much the topic of public discussion, and general exultation; and in a crisis where every engine, which Gallic treachery could suggest, or insatiable ambition execute, has been put in motion to shake that confidence the United States have ever entertained towards the *Parent Country*, the following anecdote will not be thought *mal apropos*.

"After the conclusion of peace with America, when Mr. Adams, as envoy from the United States, obtained his first audience, the king declared, that he anticipated the interview as the most critical moment of his life; he received however the minister with gracious affability. "I was the last man in the kingdom, sir," said his majesty, "to consent to the independence of America, but now it is granted, I shall be the last in the world to sanction a violation of it." This noble and dignified sentiment, joined to the general deportment of the king, formed such a refutation of the calumnies against him, by which the revolt had been rendered popular, that Mr. Adams retired agitated and affected in the highest degree, and ever after expressed and retained a veneration for his person and character."

## *FAMILY ANECDOTES.*

(Continued from page 210.)

MY visit to Theodocius and Eliza had been attended with such distressing consequences, that, upon quitting the Vale of Malvern, I hesitated whether I should pursue my plan, or sit down quietly, under the conviction that connubial happiness was an imaginary thing; and that I ought to feel grateful to Providence, for having decreed that I should not become Benedict. Yet, if all men were of my opinion, said I mentally, this vain world, to which we are so strongly attached, would soon be unpeopled, and the Great Author of our existence would be frustrated in his intentions, by the very creatures he had beneficently formed. There doubtless must be some happy marriages, or the institution would never have been ordained; and though the perversity of human nature may, in many instances, counteract the designs of a merciful Providence, yet there must be many united in the bands of wedlock, whose minds and dispositions are the same.

Absorbed in reflections of this nature, I resolved not to relinquish my design; and, after wavering a few moments between what friend, or rather acquaintance, I should next visit, I determined to pass a few days with an old schoolfellow, of the name of Green. Different pursuits, united to a variety of other circumstances, had prevented me from keeping up an intercourse with the chosen companion of my boyish days; yet, knowing the natural sensibility of his heart, and the benevolence of his disposition, I resolved to pay him a visit, uninvited, recollecting that he resided within fifteen miles of Theodocius.

As I am fond of early rising, I quitted the vale a quarter before six, and arrived at the place of destination just as the family were seated round the breakfast table. Though several years had elapsed since any personal intercourse

had taken place between Mr. Green and myself, yet the servant had no sooner announced a name once dear to him, than he flew towards me with all the genuine warmth of an old friend; in short, so eager was he to testify the pleasure my unexpected arrival had imparted, that he actually almost threw down the whole tea equipage.

A smile of secret satisfaction beamed upon the countenance of the still blooming Amanda, though, from the appearance of the youthful party which surrounded the table, she must have been two or three and thirty years of age. She extended towards me a hand, soft as the down of cygnets, and welcomed me to the Grove with a peculiar grace; a girl, apparently about thirteen, and a boy, one year younger, offered me the same marks of cordiality, which example was followed by two other children. The air and exercise I had taken gave a keenness to my appetite, and I actually ate like a farmer, but the young party kept me in countenance; whilst I could not help remarking with what heartfelt satisfaction their attached parents gazed upon their ruddy faces. When breakfast was ended, I asked Frederick, (which was the christian name of my old friend), whether I had seen all his family, or if he had any younger children? Without replying to my question, he pulled the bell three times: I instantly heard the clattering footsteps of the little party, consisting of one girl and three boys; two of the latter, I easily discovered, by their size and features, to be twins. Eight more lively, and apparently more promising children, it was impossible for any parents to be blessed with; and to the sprightly innocence of youthful hilarity was added a polish of manners, and politeness of address. After playing with, and caressing the younger party upwards of half an hour, my friend desired the elder to retire to his study, informing them he should soon be ready to hear their tasks; then turning to me, he said, "I have undertaken an important office, which I consider it a duty scrupulously to fulfil, but in one hour I will attend you; in the mean

time Amanda will accompany you into the garden, unless you find yourself fatigued with your ride."

I easily discovered that the wish of Frederick was a law to Amanda, by the alacrity with which she offered to accompany me; but conceiving that some domestic concerns might require her attendance, I expressed a desire of resting myself a short time, intreating Mrs. Green not to consider me as a new acquaintance, but treat me with the unreserve of an old friend.

"To prove," said she, "that I shall have pleasure in considering you as such, I will leave you for half an hour, as at this time I regularly give my cook orders respecting dinner; and if we do not set our servants an example of regularity, we have no right to expect good order from them;" so saying, she put into my hands a newspaper, which the footman had just brought in.

At length, said I, mentally, I have discovered domestic happiness. Oh, Frederick! thou art indeed an enviable man; and I might have tasted this refinement of human felicity, had it not been snatched from me by the cruel hand of death. Absorbed in reflections which this idea had given rise to, I remained for a length of time with my head resting upon my hand, the unperused paper lay untouched upon the table, when the smiling Amanda reentered the parlour.

"I ought to apologize, but I trust the newspaper has supplied my absence," said she, advancing towards the table; and, observing the paper still retained its original folds, "but it does not appear that you are interested in the unfortunate hostilities which have so long taken place upon the continent, for actually the Morning Chronicle remains untouched."

"The Morning Chronicle, my dear madam," I replied, "is not only a channel of foreign intelligence, but of domestic infelicity; and, to own the truth, my mind has been occupied in reflections of a very different nature from both: for, from the slight sketch I have taken of your

family circle, I am inclined to think it would furnish the editor with a *rara-avis*, and allow him an opportunity of convincing his readers that connubial happiness, in this present dissipated age, is not totally confined to humble life."

"You are not practising the manners of humble life, it is evident," rejoined Amanda, with one of her bewitching smiles; "for the language of flattery is totally unknown to the untutored inhabitants of that unpolished sphere." Before I could reply to this charge of insincerity, my friend joined us, for the purpose of inquiring whether I was too much fatigued to take a walk; and to say that, if I preferred riding, one of his horses was at my service. As I was always fond of pedestrian exercise, I of course gave it the preference, and we set out together, first making a circuit round my friend's grounds. Order and regularity was presented in every object, yet nature had not been sacrificed to art; in fact, both were so happily blended, that neither interfered with the others designs. Though we traversed some hundreds of acres, or, at least, my eye had the power of surveying them within its scope, there was not a single object that did not strike it as peculiarly beautiful, or that could have been placed in a more picturesque point of view.

"Whoever planned these grounds," said I, turning to Frederick, "has evidently shewn himself a man of taste; nature certainly has done much, but art and utility have joined their efforts to improve, as well as embellish the estate."

"That embellisher was your friend," replied Frederick; "for when I survey this now fruitful valley, I sometimes presumptuously compare myself to Peter the Great; you will scarcely believe, that, fourteen years back, it was a mere morass, a fen, overrun with weeds. My Amanda's father was one of those indolent mortals who fancy themselves sent into the world for no other purpose than to eat, drink, and sleep; nine months out of twelve, near a thousand

acres of land were overwhelmed with water, merely because he would not be at the expence or trouble of cutting drains. As a marriage portion, he presented me with this estate; and no sooner did I become its master, than I set above fifty hands to work in cutting drains. Even the second year I was amply repaid for my exertions; and I am now sole master of a little community; that little hamlet," continued he, pointing to a long range of distant cottages, "is all occupied by my tenants: yet the knowledge of this circumstance is trifling, in comparison to the gratification I experience from their fidelity and attachment; for there is not one of the humble inhabitants of that little district, who would not sacrifice his life to prove his zeal in my service. Yet all the satisfaction I derive from a knowledge of the fidelity and attachment of these honest creatures, would be enjoyed but imperfectly, if fate had ordained me a partner incapable of participating in it; for what, my friend," continued he, laying his arm upon my shoulder, "are the pleasures of this life, without some being to share them? What, but an illusive bubble, or a meteor, whose radiance vanishes, even whilst gazing upon it. But I am blest—supremely blest, in the partner of my affections—our tastes and employments, our very thoughts are similar—we seem as if one soul had actuated two bodies; for frequently does my Amanda express a sentiment I was just going to utter. Why," added he, fixing his inquiring eyes upon me; "why, my friend, have you not endeavoured to enjoy a similar portion of earthly bliss? Man never was designed, by his beneficent Creator, for the comfortless state of celibacy; even Adam, lord as he was of a surrounding multitude of animated beings, sighed for a companion, into whose gentle bosom he could pour forth his feelings and sentiments. Marry, man—I say, marry; and enjoy the gratification of participated happiness."

What more my friend might have said in favour of the state he was so desirous I should enter, I cannot pretend to say; but, as he closed the last sentence, we arrived at

the skirts of his newly erected hamlet, and were accosted by a venerable old man, who respectfully inquired whether his honoured mistress was at home. "I believe so, Atkinson," replied my friend; "but what do you want with her?"—"Oh, your honour! my poor Margaret is worse today; and madam desired I would let her know whether the stuff she sent her last night did the poor soul any good." As the poor old man said this, his tremulous voice faultered, and he wiped the tear of conjugal tenderness away with the sleeve of his coat.

"I will step in, Atkinson, if you please," said the humane Frederick; "Margaret will not mind a married man seeing her in bed; and this friend of mine, though he does not I believe practice, studied physic, whilst he was at college: perhaps he may be able to think of something that will prove serviceable to your wife!"

"May the blessings of the Almighty fall upon his head, and your's too, your honour," replied Atkinson; "if he can but do any thing for my poor Peg, he will take a load off my shoulders, which I do not think I can bear: five and forty years we have been married, and never was parted for one single day. Oh, Lord, sir; how then can I bear to think of losing her—never, never, to see her again!"

"Do not afflict yourself in this manner, my old friend," said his sympathizing master, whilst the precious gem of sympathy trembled in his eye; "the Lord, you know, gave, and has a right to recal being, whenever in his wisdom he seeth right. But we shall all, I trust, meet in the realms of everlasting happiness, never to be separated."—While my friend made this observation, we entered the humble dwelling, and found poor Margaret in a high fever. A small paper of powder lay upon the table, with directions to be given at six in the morning: which Atkinson had mistaken in reading, and thought it was not to be administered until night: upon examination, I found them to be Doctor James's celebrated medicine, which I immediately mixed, and gave the invalid, promising to call and

see her again in the evening. The blessing of the poor old man accompanied us as we quitted the cottage; my friend then inquired if I had any objection to visiting a few of his humble tenants; and upon my assuring him I should derive gratification from it, we stopped successively at the door of each; and never had I before beheld such an assemblage of neatness, chearfulness, and contentment, as those humble abodes of honest industry presented.

So completely were all the softer and more benevolent feelings interested, that time appeared to fly with greater rapidity than I had ever known it; and we did not arrive at the Grove (the name given to my friend's residence) until the hour when dinner generally was placed upon the table. Though we had been guilty of this breach of politeness, Amanda received us with affability and courteous address, expressed a secret pleasure that time had flown unnoticed, and intreated me not to use the formality of making an alteration in my dress, "as it will be in vain for you," said she, "to adorn your person; for when my husband is present, I have not eyes for any other man." This declaration, though made in a jocose accent, was evidently the spontaneous effusion of her heart; and Frederick, feeling the force of it, returned the compliment by a tender embrace. If I enjoyed my breakfast, I ate my dinner with still greater relish, for it might literally be termed a feast of soul; the lively wit of Amanda gave a zest to every subject; and the tender endearments each bestowed upon the lovely children, who joined the party, made me envious of my friend's happy lot.

We had an early cup of tea, in consequence of Amanda's saying she wished to visit her patient, and the elder girl and boy received permission to attend us in our walk; the former carried a small work-bag, and the latter a basket, containing what he termed prog. This prog consisted of some little delicacies for the invalid; and the bag was furnished with baby-linen, for a poor woman who was near confinement. Upon arriving at old Atkinson's, he met us

with a smiling countenance, and informed us his dear Peg, as he termed her, had entirely lost the pain in her head, and that the parching heat, which overspread her body in the morning, had yielded to the health-restoring influence of perspiration. We found the poor woman, in fact, so much better, that she urgently intreated permission to rise; but, upon our assuring the husband and kind neighbours, who jointly assisted in nursing her, that her very existence depended upon the perspiration's continuance, Atkinson declared, that though he never had lain a finger upon her, he would give her a good drubbing if she attempted to move out of bed; "and now, my dear old girl," added he, "as you know what must happen, I trust you will mind what your husband says."

I was always of opinion, that the example of the rich and elevated produced a striking effect upon persons in a lower class; and it now appeared, that the domestic harmony which subsisted between Frederick and Amanda, extended itself to all the humble inhabitants of this district. I could not avoid mentioning this opinion to my truly enviable friend. "You are perfectly right," replied he, "in this opinion; though I was compelled to exert some degree of authority, before I accomplished this desirable end. My tenants, as I before told you, are all labourers upon my estate; and each occupies his little habitation for one half less than they could hire one in any other place. A quarrelsome tenant instantly receives warning; but as mankind do not appear formed by nature for constant tranquillity and peace, I determined to become a magistrate, and from this appointment acquire the right of adjusting all disputes; but, I assure you, I have now established such perfect harmony among them, that two years have elapsed since I have been called upon to fulfil my magisterial function."

I derived so much secret satisfaction from witnessing the domestic happiness which my friend enjoyed, that instead of remaining two or three days with him, I extended my visit to a fortnight; and then took leave, with a degree of

reluctance that it would be difficult to describe. From Frederick I discovered that another schoolfellow, of the name of Mortimer, resided within eighteen miles; and as his seat lay in the road to the place of my destination, I resolved to stop by the way.

*(To be continued.)*

## *EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE*

### OF THE ABBE DE RANCE,

The Founder of the celebrated Convent of Latrape, in France.

THE Abbé de Rancé, who, though a priest, had, even from his youth, been led and domineered by that spirit of dissipation and profligacy which characterizes the deluded votaries of worldly pleasures, owed his conversion to the following interesting and melancholy circumstance:—Rancé had long kept a secret intrigue with the beautiful Countess of N———, whom he tenderly loved. That lady, once when he had been absent for some time from the place where she lived, was taken with such a violent illness, that she almost suddenly died. Some days after Rancé returned, and, ignorant of what had happened in his absence, as usual, repaired at night, by a private door, to the countess's chamber: he entered it with all the glowing eagerness of impatient love, and there, by the gloomy twinkling of a solitary lamp, he beheld a spectacle, even beyond all what death can present of most awful and terrible. The coffin that had been made for the countess being too short, her head had been, with the most savage brutality, severed from the body; and that head, ghastly, dishevelled, and still reeking with blood, was carelessly thrown on the toilet, whilst the coffin, into which the mutilated corpse had been forced, was open to the view. At this lamentable sight, the heart of the unfortunate man sunk within him, and it was but from the sudden tremor that so convulsively shook his whole frame, that he could collect sufficient strength to retire from the scene

of complicated horror. In the death of his beloved mistress, Rancé was so tremendously struck with the uncertainty and vanity of life, that, from that very moment, he abandoned a delusive world, whose highest enjoyments are but the transitory shade of a moment, and which seems to exalt our hope, but to make us the more severely feel all the bitterness of disappointment. Wretchedness and remorse will, instinctively, turn the wandering steps of the worldly and profligate to the consoling and forsaken path of religion, the heavenly spirit of which can alone soothe the perturbed mind, and heal the wounded heart: thus Rancé retired into a deep solitude, and, some years after, founded the Convent of Latrape, where he lived and died in penitence and sanctity. Most of the monks of that celebrated convent had been, like Rancé, brought to a sense of religion by some unexpected and extraordinary reverse. Their discipline was more severe than in any other religious institution, not only in France, but in all Christendom: and yet, notwithstanding the astonishing austerity of their lives, those who had, before the French revolution, visited Latrape, say that, even in the highest and most envied circles of life, they never witnessed countenances expressive of such ineffable contentment and peace, as was to be seen on the hallowed visages of those venerable anchorets. Some of them had, even for scores of years, bent their bodies under the lash of penitence, and bathed, with the daily tears of their contrite hearts, those sacred avenues to awful eternity.

N. FRAISINET.

## *ANECDOTE OF PRINCE ORLOFF.*

WHEN Prince Potemkin succeeded Prince Orloff as favourite to the late Catherine, Empress of Russia, Orloff met him going up the palace stairs, that led to the apartment of the empress. Potemkin, accosting him in a polite and familiar manner, asked the news of the court. Orloff replied, "Nothing but you are *going up*, and I am *going down*."

## *ALPHONSINE.*

### A TALE.

C'etait a la faveur des ombres de la nuit. *Voltaire.*

A DELIGHTFUL moon-light evening, in the month of June, invited Don Lopez, his wife, and daughter, to walk in the fields near the city of Toledo. Don Lopez was above fifty years old, of small fortune, but good reputation; Alphonsine, his only daughter, was sixteeen years of age, who, to the charms of an elegant and beautiful person, added the most delightful accomplishments of the mind.

Returning home, they were met by a party of young cavaliers, flushed with wine, who in an insolent manner accosted the mother and daughter. The old gentleman first remonstrated with them, on their disgraceful conduct; but finding it to no purpose, drew his sword, which, however, the Chevalier Rodolpho, a youth of eighteen, soon disarmed him of, and taking the beautiful Alphonsine in his arms, flew towards the city.

Whilst Don Lopez was blaming his own temerity, and his wife complaining of the treatment she had experienced, Alphonsine had fainted in the arms of Rodolpho, who arriving at his own house, opened a secret door, and gained his apartment with his lovely victim, unperceived. He locked the door, and, before Alphonsine had regained her senses, he consummated the basest crime that inebriety and brutality could inspire. Having satisfied his infamous desires, he remained for a moment undecided what course to pursue; and felt, without doubt, a sensation of remorse when Alphonsine returned to herself. The most profound darkness reigned in the apartment. She breathed, trembled, and cried with a feeble voice, "My mother, my dear mother! where are you?—Answer me.—Where am I?—What is this bed?—Oh, my God, have you have forsaken me?—Does no one answer?—Am I in the grave?"

At this instant Rodolpho seized her hand; the lovely victim, uttering a piercing cry, endeavoured to escape. Rodolpho followed her. Then throwing herself upon her knees, in a plaintive voice, she said, "Whoever thou art, who hath caused all my misfortunes; thou who hast made me the most wretched and despicable of mortals, if the least sentiment of honour remains within thy breast, and if thou knowest what 'tis to pity and be pitied, I intreat thee, I conjure thee, put an end to my existence; thus only canst thou repair the evil thou hast done me. In the name of heaven, or any other that be dear to thee, I conjure thee, stab me—stab me to the heart. It will not be so great a crime as what thou hast already done. Grant me but this request, and I will pardon all."

In saying these words, she dragged herself along the floor, to embrace the knees of Rodolpho.

Rodolpho, without answering her, left the room, closed the door upon her, and ran, without doubt, to ascertain whether any one in the house, or street, could oppose the design he meditated. During his absence Alphonsine raised herself, and found a casement, which she opened, with an intention of throwing herself from it; she hesitated, stood for a moment immoveable, and at length relinquished the rash project. She surveyed the room and its furniture, as minutely as the faint glimmering of the moon would permit, and discovering a small golden crucifix, she concealed it in her bosom. She afterwards closed the casement, and awaited, with fearful expectation, the return of the barbarian who was to decide her fate.

Rodolpho soon returned alone, and without a light; he approached Alphonsine, and tied a handkerchief over her eyes, then taking her hand, without uttering a word, and without her daring to speak, he led her into the street, and having reached the cathedral, quitted her arm, and left her.

Alphonsine stood for some moments, fearing to remove the handkerchief from her eyes; but at length, all being si-

lent, she took it off, and looked around her. Finding herself alone near the cathedral, she fell upon her knees, and addressed a fervent prayer to God. Having done this she arose, and, quite exhausted, reached her father's house.

The father and mother were almost distracted for the loss of their daughter. A rap was heard at the door, and Don Lopez flew and saw, no less to his astonishment than delight, the unhappy Alphonsine.

The joy of the good old man and his wife can be better conceived than described. The wretched Alphonsine threw herself at the feet of her father, and related to him all that had happened. The good old man raised her up, and pressing her to his breast, said, "My dear girl, you are innocent; ask your conscience, can it condemn you of the least fault?—No, my dear, you are always the same—always my dear, my prudent Alphonsine; and a father's heart loves you more for your misfortune."

Alphonsine, encouraged by his words, lifted up her eyes, and drew from her bosom the crucifix which she had taken, in hopes of tracing her unfeeling ravisher. The old man for some time attentively regarded it, and wept; then assuming a more animated tone, he cried, "O eternal God, assist me to discover the barbarian who has so basely wounded the reputation of my daughter."

The violent expressions of Don Lopez redoubled the sorrow of the afflicted Alphonsine; her good mother, however, soon appeased him, by removing the crucifix from his sight, and he again endeavoured to console his unhappy child.

The kind and unremitting attentions of Don Lopez and his amiable wife, in a few days softened the grief of the lovely Alphonsine; she never went from home. Alas! motives too distressing rendered seclusion necessary. Alphonsine perceived that she was pregnant. Her father and mother feared lest she should die. She refused sustenance for several days; but the love of her parents, added to the

conviction of the guilt of destroying herself, as well as her innocent offspring, made her support her misfortunes.

When the time of her accouchement approached, Don Lopez hired a house in the country, to which he removed his family. Alphonsine was here delivered of a lovely boy, to whom her father gave his own name. She soon recovered: her tenderness for her child was so great, and the sight of him so necessary to her existence, that it was resolved he should live with them, and pass for the nephew of Don Lopez.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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*Copy of a Letter from Ann Onymous in London, to her Sisters in the Country, giving them the remarkable History of a numerous Race of People, not before noticed by Historians.*

DEAR SISTERS, LONDON.

AS I engaged to send you any little anecdote from this city, which might be likely to afford you half an hour's entertainment, I take this opportunity to forward you the remarkable account of a very numerous race, which seems to have escaped the notice of historians and biographers, that I am acquainted with: the following is copied from the author's manuscript, who is one of the important characters described. Your affectionate sister,

ANN ONYMOUS.

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MEMOIRS OF THE SEVERAL BRANCHES OF MY OWN ANCIENT, NUMEROUS, AND RESPECTABLE FAMILY AND NAMESAKES.

By way of prefatory introduction, I would just premise, that, as many eminent characters, in different ages of the world, have (without charge of egotism) left to posterity some account of the most remarkable circumstances and events which have befallen themselves or their forefathers, I likewise (from motives equally pure and disin-

terested) propose to offer a short history of my family, and those who are called by my name, which appears to me to embrace as great a variety of incident and anecdote, as is to be found in the celebrated lives of Martinus Scriblerus, Gulliver, or Robinson Crusoe; and to those who prefer truth to fiction, it will be more acceptable.

In point of antiquity we claim precedence of the most ancient nobles of the land; the oldest of these cannot trace their ancestors further back than the Norman conquerors, but our predecessors existed in the very remote ages of the world. They were present with Noah in the ark.—When Samson left Gaza for fear of the Philistines, two of them accompanied him—One of them was present when Eli conversed with Hannah; and it is generally understood they contributed largely to the building of Solomon's temple. From thence, down to the present day, our numbers have increased, and our usefulness is universally felt; there's not a miller, or a farmer, in this country, who is not beholden to us for the support of his mill, or the defence of his farm from depredators.—To the weary traveller, panting for his journey's end, in a country where he is lost and bewildered, we kindly point the road.—In the gloom of the evening, when the young tradesman is in fond pursuit of a tete a tete in a distant part of the city, we direct his hastening steps to the house of his friend.—Not so accommodating are we to the culprit, whose clandestine pranks subject him to the lash of the law; we stand unmoved at his cries, and tacitly acquiesce and assist in his merited flagellation.—At the innkeeper's door, like a centinel on permanent duty, we kindly take our stand, to invite the weary traveller in; thus are we exposed to the inclemency of the weather, with only a slight covering, which fits so close, that our shapes appear as palpable as those of any modern belle.

We are now dispersed through every quarter of the globe, and every villager in Europe is intimately acquainted with our services. In Holland we are very numerous, and

in great request; indeed it is not to be wondered that we are so much resorted to by the Dutch, for it is said that we are the very foundation and support of the city of Amsterdam, and if we were once to desert them, it would be the ruin of their country. We were never known to betray the secret and private conversation of female friends; and, in gratitude to our inflexible taciturnity, we are admitted to that freedom which no mortal man beside dares lay claim to; we are admitted into their chambers; and even those who are possessed of a superlative share of feminine charms, both mental and personal, scruple not to disrobe in our presence; thus does the most virtuous among them yet know no shame.

The second branch of our family, in point of antiquity, though not in honour and emolument, I will now attempt to describe. From the king to the constable, all in the service of government are paid for maintaining us; and the money that naval, civil, and military officers, receive on our account, exceeds all calculation, and would, I am persuaded, in the course of a few years, completely liquidate the national debt; we are, nevertheless, by some of these shamefully treated, and sometimes wholly neglected. Not so by all—amongst the heroes of the present age we have been defended to the last extremity, from falling into the hands of the enemy; and, rather than surrender the possession of us, they have generously resolved to forfeit their lives in our defence. It is a little surprising, that none of us were ever dignified with a title, when it is considered we have ever been favourites at court.—It is generally believed the king could not reign without us.—Admirals and generals would sink into plebeians, did they not possess us; even Buonaparte himself, deprived of us, could no longer rule the continent of Europe.

Now, to return from the court to the city—we rank high in a mercantile point of view, and are, by all, considered as an indispensible medium for transacting the business of the merchant and the trader; even the distant

nymph, experiencing a temporary separation from her beloved swain, claims from us some tidings of the man she loves. For transacting the multiplicity of business with which we are entrusted, we have offices in all the principal towns in the kingdom; our clerks are numerous and respectable—even noblemen have been known to enrol their names amongst the list of our officers. One of us, from the extent of his authority throughout the nation, is stiled a General, and his head-quarters is always in Lombard Street, London. Our common men, who serve under this before-mentioned General, are continually upon the alert, —they hand to one consolation, to another despair; good news to some, to others bad; money to some merchants, to others nought but promises.—Our boys and our horses are noted for speed, our carriages are constructed for pleasure, and agreeable travelling.

In short, the honours which attach to some of us, the profit and the pleasures to others, is a proof that our consequence in the world (though entirely overlooked by the biographer and the historian) are a sufficient apology for these memoirs.

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P. S.—As I am much puzzled to find out to what particular class of his majesty's subjects the above alludes, will thank any intelligent reader for an explanation, in prose or verse. A. A.

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## *ANECDOTE.*

AN Irishman purchased the sixteenth of a lottery-ticket, for which, as they were high, he paid a guinea and a half. In a few days it came up a twenty pound, and on application at the lottery-office, he received three-and-twenty shillings for his share. "Well," says Pat, "I'm glad it's no worse; as it was but a *twenty pound*, I have only lost *eight and sixpence;* but if it had been a *twenty thousand* I must have been *ruined.*"

*To the Editor of the Ladies' Museum.*

SO many of the pages of the generality of modern periodical publications being almost exclusively devoted to insipid and not unfrequently immoral love-intrigues, I shall make no apology for obtruding on your notice, as a variation of this dull routine, the following *authentic* story, which may excite compassion for real misery, at the same time that it illustrates in a peculiar manner the Justice of Providence in all its dispensations, and

"Vindicates the ways of God to man."

RETRIBUTION.

In a large village on the borders of one of those small but independent states, of which the continent of Germany in a great measure consists, a clergyman was hastily summoned to administer the last sacraments to the wife of one of his most respectable parishioners, who had been suddenly seized with violent convulsions, which threatened momentary dissolution. Always attentive to the call of distress, he hurried away immediately, but arrived only in time to be witness to her expiring struggle, and very shortly afterwards * committed her remains to the silent grave. Some months had elapsed after this event, when the worthy pastor's housekeeper, whom he had always respected for her honesty and attachment, begged his approbation to her union with the husband of the deceased female, and being ever ready to advance the interests of his neighbours without any regard to his own, he readily concurred in a proposal, attended to all appearance with mutual advantages, although he himself would experience considerable inconvenience from the change. As soon therefore as de-

* The salutary custom of an inquest by a coroner and jury over every suddenly deceased person, does not take place on the continent.

cency would permit, he joined their hands before the village altar.

The management of sheep was one of the most important concerns in the farm, the domestic part of which the pastor's late housekeeper now superintended; but the article of salt, so necessary to this important branch of husbandry, was extremely scarce and dear; though in the neighbouring dukedom it was to be had both cheap and in any quantity, as the prince there derived his revenue from less exceptionable sources than oppressive imposts upon the most necessary and essential articles for manufactures and agriculture. The bringing of this commodity into the country in a contraband manner was therefore sometimes practised, but always attended with difficulty and danger, as a number of border rangers were continually on the alert to seize upon and severely punish every unsuccesful attempter. These considerations were however overbalanced, in the farmer's opinion, by the hope of an immense profit, and a reliance on the local advantages of his habitation, divided only by a thick and impenetrable forest from a very convenient place for the purchase of the article. Lulled at the same time into security by frequent successful attempts, he determined soon after his second marriage, when about to undertake one of these dangerous expeditions, and wishing to bring along with him a greater quantity than usual, to make his steward or principal domestic, and a favorite lad, assistants in the attempt.

Accompanied therefore by them well armed, he set off towards dusk for the borders, avoiding as much as possible the usual tracks through the wood. One, the usual hour of his return, had already tolled from the village clock, before his anxious wife felt any impatience or expectation of his return; but from that hour her solicitude, until the dawn of morning, rose in proportion to the continued delay, when her utmost fears were mournfully verified by the entrance of the two men, almost sinking under the weight of her husband's body, disfigured by blood, and nearly

destitute of every symptom of life; which the steward said was occasioned by a wound his master had received near the end of the wood, from a party of government officers they had been met by, but that they fled upon their returning the fire.

This tale, notwithstanding some inconsistencies and contradictions in the relation, and the visible perturbation it was delivered with, did not raise any astonishment or suspicion, as the event was so probable to have happened; until the evasion of the dying man, when called upon to confirm it, and the officious attention of the steward, who refused to quit his master's presence for a moment, peculiarly attracted the notice of the disconsolate widow. Even upon the entrance of the priest, to receive the confession, and administer the last sacraments, upon the plea of solicitude for a kind master, he remained at the further corner of the room, steadfastly fixing the former with his malevolent eyes, throughout the direction of these solemn mysteries. A dreadful scowl the pious priest threw upon him at parting from the family, soon after the breath had left the farmer's body, confirmed his wife's suspicions, and induced her to have both the servants apprehended, and brought before a neighbouring magistrate; when, upon the threat of torture, the youngest accused his companion of the actual murder of his master, and stated, "that upon his master's going on a little before them, to observe whether the passage was clear, the steward stated to him an unconquerable passion he had conceived for his mistress, which, however, he had no hopes of satisfying, but by the death of his master; and, after some other preliminary discourse, told him plainly, that this was a convenient opportunity, and that he was determined not to lose it, of removing the only obstacle to his wishes. By holding out the most horrible threatenings, and the most alluring promises alternately, he at length gained from him (the boy) the promise of concealing his intention. Scarcely had he succeeded thus far in his diabolical attempt, when,

seeing his master waiting for their coming up, he levelled his piece and shot him; not, however, so effectually but that the unhappy victim was still able, by persuasion and a solemn oath by the hope of his salvation, not to reveal the true circumstances of his death, to induce him not to deny the last consolations of religion. They, therefore, then conjointly formed a litter of leaves and branches, and carried him slowly home." In addition to this strong evidence, the attendant priest received, at the intercession of the reigning prince, an absolution of his oath of secresy from Rome, declared that the farmer, in his dying moments, influenced most probably by the precepts of his religion, which demands an entire disclosure, and not thinking himself bound by his oath against its dictates, expressly accused the steward of his murder; who, with such palpable proofs against him, confessed at length the crime, and received in death the punishment assigned by the offended laws for its commission.

But, to return to my relation, the afflicted widow never heard the result of the evidence; for scarcely had the lad stated that a love for her was the motive of the deed, than, with an hysteric shriek, she exclaimed, "God is righteous —God is just;" and fell senseless on the floor. Recovering herself after some time, with a countenance full of horror, and wildness of gesture, she began an incoherent utterance of unintelligible sounds, and seemingly, with great vehemence, wished to make herself understood: she could not; every effort was in vain, and every action only indicated that with her reason the power of speech had left her. Horribly emphatic, at last she concluded her confused jargon by the foregoing impressive ejaculations; which continued the only distinct sounds she was able to produce until her death. Her goods were given by government, in trust, to a respectable magistrate in the neighbourhood, and herself left at liberty to range round the village as she pleased, too often the sport of mischievous

and malevolent children; as she was constantly muttering something to herself, with every symptom of an agonized and troubled mind. When teized, and often upon seeing a number of people collected together, she would ascend a large stone, or neighbouring eminence, and would continue, for a length of time, with violent gesticulations and distorted features, addressing to them her unintelligible speech, always concluding with her wonted exclamation, "God is just—God is righteous." The tenderest of her audience would drop the tear of pity; the malevolent shake their heads, and wish all was right.

She had continued in this state some time, when the awful circumstance was horribly elucidated, by the confession of a female gipsey, sentenced in a neighbouring town to be broken on the wheel, who, amongst other crimes of her miserable life, acknowledged having been employed by this woman, when housekeeper to the curate, to remove the farmer's wife, by a quick and violent poison, out of the way of her own desires, of obtaining the hand and riches of her husband. Such was found to be the dreadful key to this tissue of murders, and such the power of conscience on the guilty. A more dreadful punishment than human law could inflict, had already reached her; though, for the ostensible show of justice, she was kept confined by order of the state, in a public receptacle for the most unfortunate of beings like herself.

The unintelligible sounds she was constantly in the habit of uttering, were, most probably, intended by her as a public disclosure of her guilt, and as a warning to others to shun its causes; always reminding them, by her impressive conclusion, of the existence of an eternal justice and an avenger of guilt.

W. B.

## *THE LITERARY SPY.*

NO. XXI.

*Justice and Generosity against Malice, Ignorance, and Poverty. A Pamphlet, published by Neely and Jones, Paternoster-Row.*

UNWILLING as we are to take any part in a contest of such a peculiar nature as that now subsisting between the public and the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, we are, nevertheless, fully disposed to do justice to the merit of this spirited and well-written performance, and recommend it to the perusal of those who have hitherto suffered themselves to be led away by prejudice, in an affair which requires the most impartial consideration. On which ever side the fault lies, it is much to be regretted that such violent measures have been resorted to; and an elegant place of amusement turned into a scene of riot and gross outrage The pamphlet is, on the whole, the best vindication of the proprietors that has yet been published.

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*A Dane's Excursion in Great Britain. By J. Anderson. Mathews and Leigh, Strand.*

THESE entertaining travelling anecdotes are written in an easy and animated style, and are deservedly entitled to approbation, as containing none of those tedious descriptions, or exaggerated details, which usually swell volumes of this description. The parts described by our author are generally well known, yet his observations are not uninteresting; and we part from him with regret, as we would from an intelligent fellow-traveller, who has beguiled us of some idle hours, by an accurate and amusing description of those objects over which we may have previously glanced, with a careless and unconcerned eye; we feel sorry when the hour of separation arrives, and sincerely wish that chance may again bring us to a more intimate acquaintance with such a well-informed and insinuating companion.

*Celia in Search of a Husband. By a Modern Antique. Newman and Co. Leadenhall Street.*

After having noticed, with warmest approbation, a recent work on a similar subject, entitled Nubilia, it may appear like illiberal prejudice to start objections against this novel, which, in fact, has not any very glaring faults to condemn it. The language is passably good, and the sentiments morally just; but it wants interest and elegance. Common-place invectives against fashionable follies, seem to form the ground-work of the piece. The dialogue is monotonous and insipid; and the incessant repetition of words in italics, which indeed occur two or three times in every line, fatigue the eye, and insult the understanding of the reader; it evinces a sort of egotism in the author, which is not justified by any peculiar brilliancy of style, or extraordinary shrewdness in the remarks: and, to a reader of moderate capacity, is equally as offensive as if the words were divided into syllables. This affectation has already been severely censured by a celebrated character; but we never saw so complete an illustration of the subject as the present volumes afford.

## *THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.*

NO. XV.

### MANAGEMENT OF THE POULTRY YARD.

(Continued from page 153.)

#### GEESE.

THE keeping of geese is attended with very little expence, as they feed on any kind of pasture, and only require plenty of water. The Spanish geese are reckoned the best, and the colour should be white or grey; as the speckled are not considered so good. It is easily known when geese want to lay, by their carrying straw in their mouths; and

when they will sit, by their remaining long in their nests. A goose sits in general thirty days: during the time of her sitting she must be supplied with shag oats and bran scalded. When the young ones are hatched, they must be kept in the house ten or twelve days, and fed with curds, barley-meal, bran, &c. When they are strong enough, they may go abroad for a few hours every day.

To fatten geese, you must shut them up when they are about a month old, and they will be fat enough in about a month more; they must have some fine hay in a rack by them. Old geese may be shut up for a fortnight, or three weeks, after they come from the stubble fields, and be well fed with oats, split beans, barley-meal, or ground malt mixed with milk. In their sickly time, which is about Midsummer, you may give them rye, which will strengthen them, and keep them in health.

*(To be continued.)*

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### TO MAKE A SWEET GIBLET PIE.

Stew the giblets of a goose, or duck, to a rich gravy, which must be well seasoned; then take the crumb of a small loaf, grate it fine, mix with it half a pound of currants, a little grated lemon peel, quarter of a pound of suet, a small quantity of ground allspice, and some nutmeg; lay this in a dish, and pour upon it the gravy of the giblets, cover it with a light paste, and let it be baked in a slow oven. This pie is not unlike mince-pie, and eats very well cold. Some lay the giblets on the top.

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## *DRAMATIC RECORDS.*

### LYCEUM THEATRE.

ON Saturday, October 17, a Mr. Wrench, late of the theatres York and Bath, made his first appearance here, in the characters of Belcour in the West Indian, and Tristram Fickle in the Weathercock. His performance in the former,

though far inferior to Mr. Elliston's, was animated and correct; he had, however, too much bustle and eagerness to pourtray the delicate touches of good-breeding which characterize this interesting character; yet a further knowledge of stage-business, and a little judicious admonition, may enable this performer, who is certainly not deficient in ability, to sustain very creditable characters in genteel comedy.—In Tristram Fickle he gave more general satisfaction.

Mrs. Edwin, daughter-in-law of the late celebrated performer of that name, has also appeared on the boards of this theatre; her first performance was in the character of Widow Cheerly in the Soldier's Daughter, a part certainly beneath her talents. Her figure is petite; yet elegant; and her voice extremely melodious and impressive. She is, undoubtedly, the best performer in the line formerly distinguished by Miss Farren's inimitable talents, and promises fair to become a favourite with the town. She has since performed the part of Violante in the Wonder, to an approving audience.

## *Cabinet of Fashion.*

### WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A white cambric dress, richly embroidered at the bottom; Jubilee cloak and hat. Feather to correspond. Parasol same colour.

Fig. 2.—A white satin under-dress, with a rose-coloured crape robe, laced down the front with silver ribbon. Diamond necklace. White kid gloves and shoes. Amber coloured sarsnet shawl.

Sands. fc.

# LONDON DRESSES for NOVEMBER.

*Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry Nov.r 1.1809.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

THE

# APOLLONIAN WREATH.

## *THE BLUE BELL AND THE VIOLET.*

A FABLE.

By J. M. Lacey, Author of "The Farm House," and other Poems.

BENEATH a hedge together grew
Two sweet, but various flow'rs,
Spring's zephyr's o'er them fondly flew,
And gay were all their hours.

A Blue-bell one, with graceful bend,
Play'd lightly in the gale;
A Violet was the Blue-bell's friend,
And scented all the vale.

But soon, alas! with pride inflam'd,
The Blue-bell haughty grown,
Now of his humble friend asham'd,
Thus made his meaning known:

"No more, low blossom, think to be
My partner in this shade,
Which, for so small a flow'r as thee,
Kind nature never made.

"Thy grov'ling form can scarce be seen
Above thy tufted bed;
Whilst proudly o'er the verdant green
I raise my graceful head.

"Then, humble flow'r, no more presume
My kindred friend to be,
Thine is a low, a paltry doom;
No fit compeer for me."

Scarce had he spoke, when stooping down,
An infant pluck'd the flow'r;
Thus was his pride for ever flown,
And all his fancied pow'r!

When thus the Violet gently spoke,
And bade a zephyr bear
His last adieu, that sweetly broke
Upon the perfum'd air:

"Farewell, proud flow'r; I still must mourn
My sad and hapless fate,
Though humble worth 'twas thine to scorn;
You now repent too late.

"Had your fair blossom bloom'd like mine,
With unattractive form,
Still life and pleasure had been thine,
Unclouded by a storm.

"Still had you hail'd the morning ray,
So gladd'ning to the flow'r;
Or at the close of summer's day,
Enjoy'd the cooling show'r.

"But pride has brought thee to thy doom;
I tremble while I tell;
Death soon will dim thy fading bloom;
Lamented flow'r, farewell!"

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APPLICATION.

LEARN from this fabled tale of flow'rs,
That pride no good can give;
It only fills with gloom the hours,
That man is doom'd to live.

And should misfortune mark the form,
Where pride has fix'd her throne;
Should mis'ry's never-ending storm
Around his head be blown;

No kindred tear, from pity's eye,
Will fall to mourn his doom;
Friendship will heave no heartfelt sigh
O'er pride's unhallow'd tomb.

*Sept.* 5, 1809.

## *HENRY'S TOMB.*

HOW soft blows the wind—how majestic the trees
Wave their wide-spreading branches aloft in the breeze!
The birds sweetly sing, and the amorous doves,
To their mates tell complaining their innocent loves.

How sweet and how fragrant the flow'rets that bloom,
O'er the spot where my Henry reposes in peace;
While the dark-waving cypress and yew, by their gloom,
Its awful solemnity tend to increase.

These honours bloom—these humble trophies wave—
O'er Henry's lowly unfrequented grave.

Blow softer, ye breezes—ye birds swell your throats
In more tender—more plaintive—more eloquent notes;
Ye flow'rets that bloom o'er this hallowed ground,
More fragrant and sweet shed your odours around!

Ye trees and ye shrubs that encircle this place,
(Which oft I've bedew'd with a sorrowful tear,)
Protect from the world's rude inquisitive gaze,
The spot that contains all my soul once held dear!

Let Henry's tomb be sacred to my woes,
Till I, with him united, shall repose.

Yon mountain that frowns on the valley below,
And the cot that stands shelter'd just under its brow,
And the furze and the heath which its rude summit crown,
All remind me of once happy days that are flown.

The wind, as the foliage it whispers among,
To my sorrow-worn fancy seems sighing to say,—
Ah, Adeline! why dost thou linger so long?
Why thus from thy Henry contentedly stay?

Forgive the thought—Oh! shield me from despair,
And teach me, Lord, thy will resign'd to bear.

The mountain's high summit, the cottage and groves,
That have witness'd our happy and innocent loves,
They shall witness my pure and unchangeable flame,
And my faithful affection for Henry's lov'd name.

Let my sighs on your bosom ye breezes ascend,
As a token of truth and unalter'd regard;—
And when (O blest period!) my sorrows shall end,
And I look for a sure everlasting reward:

Then waft my spirit to the realms of bliss,
To dwell with Henry's in eternal peace.

*Aug.* 20, 1809. DUNELMENSIS.

## *NANCY.*

SWEET are the charms of rising day,
When zephyr gently blows;
Sweet is the smell of new-mown hay,
And sweet th' expanding rose.

Sweet are the rural prospects round,
Of still and waving wood;
Sweet is the dewy-spangled ground,
And sweet the murmuring flood.

Sweet 'tis to hear the little birds
Their morning worship pay;
And sweet to see the lowing herds,
Or sportive lambkins play.

But sweeter are my Nancy's charms,
Ah, sweeter far to me,
Could I but clasp her in my arms,
I'd e'er contented be.

With her I'd tread these scenes below,
And live a wedded life;
Till death should give the fatal blow,
And sever man and wife.

And should she first be doom'd to share
The deadly wound that's given,
To leave this narrow earthy sphere,
And wing her soul to heav'n;

To her sad shrine, at fall of eve,
My lonely course I'd steer,
And there I'd flowery garlands weave,
And shed the silent tear.

'Tis Nancy, by the gods I swear,
To whom my heart is given;
Her smiles can banish every care,
And waft my soul to heaven.

*Finsbury, Aug. 5,* 1809. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

## *STANZAS TO* ———.

OH! thou art *all* to me, the glare of wealth,
For thee, sweet maid, I carelessly deride;
Thou'rt valu'd more than even life and health,
And dearer far than all the world beside.

I give all other objects to the wind;
And all the blaze of fame with joy resign,
For *thee;* since midst the varied scenes, I find
No cheek so fair, no smile so sweet as thine.

Let Poet's talk of youthful Phoebe's charms,
Or boast the nymphs of Ida's hallow'd grove!
They never yet could raise such fond alarms,
Or wake, like thee, the extacies of love.

To Mitylene's shades, and fairy throng,
His lyric stanzas let Alceus pay;
Thy strains are warmer than his softest song,
And sweeter far than Lesbian Sappho's lay.

Let Ovid in each wanton line pursue
Ten thousand charms, with all a poet's care,
Yet still his glowing fancy never drew
A face so lovely, or a form so fair.

Oh! thou art all to me, the glare of wealth,
For thee, sweet maid, I carelessly deride;
Thou'rt valu'd more than even life and health,
And dearer far than all the world beside.

## *SONNET,*

### ON VIEWING A WITHERED ROSE.

WHILE thus in pensive silence, sacred flow'r,
On thy lost sweets with downcast look I gaze;
And view, alas! thy charms with wild amaze,
Now wither'd, once the pride of Flora's bow'r.

How does remembrance sad, with tears review,
Scenes, hours and days, that once like thee were fair;
When pleasure felt no pang, and love no care,
And nought but happiness this bosom knew.
Life then indeed was dear, like thee, sweet flow'r,
My Mary smil'd serene, till o'er her charms
Death unrelenting stalk'd, "in evil hour,"
And snatch'd the much lov'd image from my arms.
Come, let me kiss thy leaves, as with a tear
I strew their moisten'd cups to deck my Mary's bier.

## *CHARADE.*

IN ancient days, when vict'ry crown'd
The efforts of some chief renown'd,—
To celebrate his praise,
Upon my *first*, as thro' the throng
In solemn pomp it mov'd along,
Imperial Rome would gaze.

My *next*, tho' once of mighty price,
Is barter'd now like merchandize,
By France's lawless might;
'Tis bought, transferr'd, and sold again,
Whilst injur'd justice pleads in vain,
And violated right.

In these important parts are seen
A *whole*, comparatively mean,
Or trifling sure at most;
A simple flow'r, but for its hue,
Richness of tint, and fragrance too,
Our garden's pride and boast.

DUNELMENSIS.

## *SOLUTION*

### OF THE TWO CHARADES IN OUR LAST.

1. Ram-rod.
2. Tar-tar.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE Cottager"—"To Catherine"—and "Acrostics," by M. are unavoidably delayed.

A "Sonnet to the Evening Star"—"Address to the Lily"—"Reflections in Horsham Church Yard"—"An Apostrophe to Beach Grove"—and a "Sonnet," by H. C. shall have early insertion.

Were we to comply with the request of every correspondent, who wishes to have his contribution inserted in *our next*, it would be necessary to fill the whole number with poetry; we can only assure our numerous friends, that their productions shall meet with the most respectful attention, and never be unnecessarily deferred.

Mr. Richard Heavyheart must excuse our omission of his letter. The lady he complains of, is not the only female who neglects a man of merit for a *puppy*.

We are happy to find that J. A. though not a *poet*, is a *gentleman*; his elegant and spirited remonstrance, however unjustly applied to us, demands a candid answer; and we beg to assure him, that we never abuse the unlimited power he alludes to, through vanity or caprice, nor in any instance crush the efforts of genius by the severity of criticism: had his poetry been equal to his prose, the contribution of J. A. would have been highly acceptable. The poem in question had been attentively examined, and would have been rejected with delicacy, had not an *importunate* application been made for insertion, coming, we naturally imagined, from the author.

Erratum.—In a poem, entitled "The Battle of Asperne," in our Museum for August, instead of "To court the slaughter as it grew," read, To count the slaughter, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

Mackenzie sc

*Duchess of Rutland*

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharp Dec.r 1804